Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lisander.
And my gratious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe,
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
And stolne the impression of her phantasie:
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, nosegaies, sweete meates (messengers
Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gratious Duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens*:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be, either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our lawe,
Immediatly prouided, in that case.
The. What say you, *Hermia*? Be aduis'd, faire maid.
To you, your father should be as a God:
One that compos'd your beauties: yea and one,
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lisander*. *The.* In himselfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father lookt bu
The. Rather your eyes must, with
Her. I doe intreat your grace, to
I know not by what power, I am m
Nor how it may concerne my moc
In such a presence, here to plead my
But I beseech your Grace, that I m
The worst that may befall mee in t
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dy the death, or t
For euer, the society of men.
Therefore, faire *Hermia*, question y
Knowe of your youth, examine we
Whether (if you yeelde not to your
You can endure the liuery of a Nun
For aye to be in shady cloyster, mew
To liue a barraine sister all your life,
Chaunting faint hymnes, to the cold
Thrise blessed they, that master so t
To vndergoe such maiden pilgrima
But earthlyer happy is the rose distil
Then that, which, withering on the
Growes, liues, and dies, in single ble
Her. So will I growe, so liue, so d
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp
Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwish
My soule consents not to giue souera
The. Take time to pawse, and by t
The sealing day, betwixt my loue and
For euerlasting bond of fellowshipp
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers wil
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he woul
Or on *Dianaes* altar to protest,
For aye, austeritie and single life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29)